

TWO ITALIAN FLIERS SMASH U. S. RECORDS

Resnati in Caproni, With 8
Others, Goes 330 Miles
in Four Hours.

VIRGINIA TO MINEOLA

Balloil in Pomilio, With Ob-
server, Makes Similar Trip
in About Three Hours.

The Caproni biplane, omnibus of the air, which has been amazing Washington with its capers, landed nine men from its gloomy car on the Mineola aviation field yesterday afternoon. They came from Hampton, Va., in four hours and eight minutes, the distance between the two points is 315 miles.

The Italian prodigy, driven by Lieut. Emilio Resnati, a youngster of 23 years, engulfed the coast and probably covered at least 300 miles—the exact figures are yet to be determined. Anyway it traveled faster than seventy-six miles an hour and made an American record for non-stop mileage with more than one passenger.

It is doubtful if nine persons have gone further in a single trip even in Italy, where the brothers Caproni have built hundreds of machines just like this one that are now dropping bombs on the Austrians. Another Caproni terror—a triplane such as Resnati expects to cross the Atlantic with as soon as the war is over—is being assembled at Langley Field, Virginia, whence came yesterday's sky pilgrim.

Pomilio Also Sets Record.

The Caproni was preceded over the same route yesterday by a Pomilio, an Italian airplane of ordinary size but extraordinary power. With the pilot, Lieut. Balloil, and Capt. T. T. Lend, it flew from Langley Field to Mineola in two hours and 55 minutes—a little more than 100 miles an hour. This is an American record.

Both Law, in the New York flight two years ago, went 330 miles without stopping, averaging 103 miles an hour. But the plucky girl traveled alone. No such distance feat as yesterday's achievement of the saucy Pomilio has been accomplished by any other plane in this country carrying more than one person, and for speed it has not been equaled in any sort of a cross-country test.

The Pomilio left Langley Field at 10:05 o'clock. Its rubber-tired wheels popped rolling across the broad Mineola plain at 1 P. M. The Caproni, starting from the Virginia mark at 12:10, alighted at 4:15.

Both biplanes encountered perfect weather. A baby wind from the north-west merely fanned them. The sky was clear, the temperature at 12,000 feet, which was the highest altitude to which either airplane soared, was 31 degrees. From their cars the fliers cast a tip-top view of the coast, including Atlantic City and Asbury Park, and of the ocean that was spread before them in a golden Indian sea.

They quit the New Jersey shore line at Sandy Hook and were observed by Staten Islanders as they left the sky above St. George. The fliers cut across Brooklyn and Garden City and came to rest in the United States Army aviation field at Mineola with "nothing to report" except a pleasant and uneventful trip.

Prisoner Doesn't Brag.

"Quite without incident," said Lieut. Resnati, climbing from his seat as the Caproni after an adventure that seemed to the layman to be the biggest kind of an incident in itself, ended its journey in front of the field's largest hangar, which is much too small for the Caproni's spreading wings. An ordinary day's work, the Lieutenant added.

There were perhaps 500 men and a few women, guests of American officers on the aviation field, when the Caproni came flying out of the sunset. The ban on newspaper observers was lifted for the first time in many weeks, but photographers had to leave their posts at the gate. It was reported that the Caproni had left Langley Field at 10:35, had developed engine trouble and returned for a fresh start, but this was later denied.

There was a long wait, but not a vexing one, for the young Americans, who are learning at Mineola the trade they will presently practice over the German lines, were perching overhead in a steady, patient procession. At one time eleven of them were in the air. One by one they came down, and pilots and pupils hurried to the hangars to note some of the details of the landing of Resnati.

Sighting the Caproni.

Somebody in the crowd suddenly shouted "There she is!" which was manifestly true. An airplane larger than anything seen in these parts before was streaking toward the field so fast that it seemed to the observers to be growing in size as it approached. In a few moments it was the popping of one of its three engines, which was mistaken for a shot. One needed no glasses to see the red, white and green of Italy painted in broad bands on the plane and the flags of both America and Italy catching the sun beneath.

In the center, between the planes, a glinting white object became visible. It was a rim of black. The biplane kept to the heads of the pilot, his motorists (so the mechanicians are called abroad) and the American officers from Langley Field, who made the trip to report to the Government what they thought of the Caproni.

The travelers who were not busied with the machinery stood up in the gleaming car and leaned over the rail surveying the panorama as if they were aboard the other kind of liner that tussles with the sea. They seemed just as much interested in Mineola as the fliers in their waves and hands and probably answered the shout below that the landlubbers heard only the roar of the three 160-horse-power engines and the three revolving propellers.

Lieut. Resnati steered his course straight across the aviation field and about half a mile to the eastward he turned and cutting a great circle swept back to the center of the flying plain. As smoothly as any common airplane the Caproni touched the sod. Its aerial

light merged imperceptibly with the final dash along the ground. Col. Blockwell and the other officers stuck to their post in front of a hangar, but nearly everybody else among the groundlings scampered across the plain and surrounded the Caproni and its shipload. Soldiers drove their curious backs. All the voyagers, except Resnati and the other pilot, Lieut. A. C. Cantone, who had speled the words about fifteen minutes on the journey, disembarked, rubbing their hands for warmth and removing their protective helmets. They looked at the wide plane—it had to be wide, for the plane of the Caproni stretch 75 feet—and the machine skittered along the plain until it came to a final stop, a few feet from the spot where Col. Blockwell's party had shrewdly waited.

It was then that Resnati loosened his fingers from the wheel, took off the blue woollen cap that had covered his ears, replaced it with the Italian officer's visored cap, saluted and climbed from his seat to the ground. For a moment he looked around curiously, looking rather sheepish, as if he was afraid some one might say something complimentary. His fear was justified. Gen. Guadagni, who is in charge of the flying school, stepped up and took the aviator's hand. Younger Italian officers around him spoke pleasant words until the Lieutenant broke away, excusing himself with the plea that he must look after his beloved Caproni.

A representative of the Caproni company tugged him toward the newspaper group, but when he saw them he fled. Resnati is well for an Italian—tall or any race—probably 5 ft. 10 in. and weighs six feet. His leather aviator's coat is brown, his breeches are dark leather, his puttees black. In fact, he is a young man of a type that is of a national hero. Incidentally, he is a university graduate.

Story of the Trip.

It remained for the two American officers who flew from Langley Field to Mineola in the trip—Capt. A. W. Balloil and Lieut. T. T. Lend, of the Coast Artillery Corps. They said there wasn't any story. The Caproni simply flew. It left Langley at 10:05, crossed Long Island and came down. Under pressure they averred that Resnati kept at an altitude of about 4,500 feet. Virginia he rose to 12,000 feet to get a better view of the country and to identify the Mineola field more easily, the Lieutenant said. Being the hangars flanking the level plain.

"We couldn't talk to one another," Capt. Hill said. "That is, we could talk all right, but other fliers couldn't hear. The engines and propellers made too much noise. So we wrote notes." One of the sheets of conversation thus enjoyed was headed "Proceedings of a meeting of the Caproni Biplane Club, October 22, 1917, beginning 12:10 P. M." The Captain said the conversation was too frivolous for public repetition, so one of the sheets was headed "Proceedings of a meeting of the Caproni Biplane Club, October 22, 1917, beginning 12:10 P. M." The Captain said the conversation was too frivolous for public repetition, so one of the sheets was headed "Proceedings of a meeting of the Caproni Biplane Club, October 22, 1917, beginning 12:10 P. M."

The others in the party were Capt. E. T. Lend, of the Flying Commission, and Lieut. V. Angelo, Giovanni Basso, a motorist, P. Francesco Colletti and Lieut. Ericsson, the official photographer from Langley. They took many pictures along the way.

The weight of nine men was nothing for the Caproni. It can carry and has carried thirty-two bombs each weighing 145 pounds.

The Pomilio biplane, with which Lieut. Balloil smashed the speed and distance record yesterday with a passenger, has hooks for carrying six sixty-five pound bombs. Its course yesterday was much loftier than that of the Caproni. It was 12,000 feet up most of the way. Its passenger, Capt. E. T. Lend, is in charge of construction at Langley Field. The Caproni's three six-cylinder motors are of latest design. The Pomilio is driven by a six-cylinder Fiat, and has made 135 miles an hour.

'ZE LADEE ADMIRER' HAD PRINCE PINCHED

That's Roudakov's Explanation, but Fact Remains He's to Manage Opera.

The mystery in the arrest Sunday of Prince Michael de Roudakov of Russia is a mystery still. That is to say, the secret or motive back of the arrest is mysterious, although one might see benefits for the Prince in being arrested. One might see, for example, that the arrest brings him before the public eye.

The Prince, himself, explained yesterday why he thinks he was taken from his apartment at the Hotel Nassau, 52 East Fifty-ninth street, by agents of the Department of Justice and lodged incommunicado for several hours in the East Sixty-seventh street police station. It was because, as nearly as could be learned, one of his many young women admirers became revengeful for something or other and reported to the Department that the Prince was a German spy. Department of Justice agents questioned him for several hours, it was reported, and released him. The Prince was just as pleasant after his release as before his arrest.

Mme. Mathilde von Herlich, the opera singer, wife of the Rev. John von Herlich, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church at Bath Beach, who is a friend of Prince Michael, had the Prince at her apartment, which is across the street from the Hotel Nassau, yesterday afternoon and, because the Prince cannot speak English clearly, called upon her operative manager, Paul Skow, the impresario, to explain the arrest.

"Ze Prince has so many laadee admirers—so many, you know—he pass him all en review to stay and believe she report something he say to ze Department of Justice. Ze laadee is revengeful because perhaps she may be for spite at something he say. Zat is all to zat."

Then Mr. Skow told how the Prince is going to take over the management of an opera and ballet of which M. Skow up to yesterday had intended to be the manager. A few of the opera will be a Russian-Cosack folk song modernized and adapted by L. C. Perkins, employed in the Department of Justice as a linguist.

The opera which the Prince will manage is entitled "Because I Am a Jew," which will be combined with a Russian ballet entitled "Hedith and Holger." The opera was written by the Rev. Dr. Moses Katzenellenbogen of Czernowitz and will be performed throughout the country at a rate of one performance for the Jews in Russia.

So Prince Michael de Roudakov, instead of being a pro-German or a German spy, is only engaged in helping Jews in Russia, and the Department of Justice, where Mr. Perkins, who wrote the song which is to be used in the "Because I Am a Jew" opera, made a "mistake" in arresting him Sunday.

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PATRIOTIC ISSUE IN HUSTING VACANCY

Wisconsin War and Peace Sentiment Will Be Tested in Naming Senator's Successor.

WILSON MEN LEADERLESS

La Follette Reluctant as to His Plans—Lenroot Looms as Republican Candidate.

Special Dispatch to The Sun.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—The tragic death of Senator Paul O. Huston of Wisconsin has precipitated a situation of the first importance nationally and having an indirect bearing internationally. That is the consensus of opinion of leaders here of all political beliefs.

The outcome of choosing a successor to the Wisconsin statesman is confidently expected to develop in two hard-fought battles whether pacifism or pro-war sentiment in the country holds the upper hand. The first clash is expected in the special Republican primary and the second encounter, in the event that La Follette is able to obtain the nomination of some one who will support these views, will take place in the general election to follow the primaries.

Senator La Follette left here early this evening, declining to state what plans he had in mind. He will attend the funeral of his former colleague in the Senate. He said he would return to Wisconsin immediately after the funeral, without engaging in any political activity in Wisconsin. There is very little doubt here though that he will try to secure some one of his own pacific policies to succeed Senator Huston.

Possibilities Are Discussed.

Political leaders here were up in the air to-night regarding the general situation. A number of possibilities in the Democratic and Republican parties loomed up as the possible successor to Senator Huston. It is believed that the probable Republican candidate are confined to three men, Gov. Phillips, who is known to have Senatorial aspirations; Francis R. McGovern, former Governor of Wisconsin and Irving L. Lenroot, the only serious contender with Representative James R. Mann of Illinois for leadership of the Republicans in the House.

Representative Lenroot is looked upon as the most probable choice of the Republicans despite the fact that while Speaker of the Wisconsin Assembly he was very close to Senator La Follette, who then was Governor.

La Follette, it is believed, might even be induced to accept Lenroot as the regular Republican nominee because of his efforts in the House to obtain higher tax rates on the excess income of business generally, although he has differed completely with the pacific Senator on war issues.

The Democrats face the problem of naming a candidate without having a leader in their ranks in Wisconsin. Sudden and violent death within a year has robbed the party now in power nationally of the three men who stood out as its leaders in Wisconsin. Senator Huston was the last of those.

John A. Aylward of Madison, who was United States Attorney for the western district of Wisconsin and once the Democratic candidate for Governor, died suddenly last autumn. William F. Wolfe of La Crosse, Democratic candidate for the Senate, defeated by La Follette when he last ran, died at Madison at a dinner last spring.

Joseph E. Davies, now chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, president of the Administration here, has been too long out of touch with the Democratic machine and politics generally in Wisconsin to be able to put up a real fight against the man, whoever he is, to be named by the Republicans.

If the La Follette faction succeeds in naming its own candidate as the regular Republican nominee the Administration is expected to throw its whole influence behind the Democratic aspirant to prevent a gain of the anti-war element in the United States Senate.

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LIVINGOOD'S POISON HELD FOR HIMSELF

Court-Martial Reveals Instead of Plot on Aviation Students a Study in Morbidity.

BUFFETED SINCE SIXTEEN

When Down and Out a Year Ago He Thought of Suicide and Kept Cyanide.

The gloomy ponderings of a young man who, thrown on his own resources at the age of 16, felt at 24 that he had failed to make good in the world were presented to the court-martial that at Governors Island yesterday heard the charges against Samuel O. Livingood, the aviation student arrested at Princeton on the suspicion that he intended to poison the squad of which he was a member.

What the findings of the court will be will not be made known for several days, but it was evident that the boy had failed. In fact, I forgot all about that cyanide after a while, didn't think about it one way or another for the last year that I carried it in my trunk. Each time I thought of killing myself the desire was less. I don't know exactly when I gave it up, but one day I was walking in Fort Greene Park and saw a man shoot himself. I remember some of the things the man around said made a great impression on me. One said, "He was a fool." Another, "This life was too good for him." What they said made me decide that it was not a desirable course."

Also Had Other Poisons.

Livingood couldn't understand why such a fuss had been made over his having cyanide in his trunk. He indicated that the long habit of saving it had been unconsciously in his mind, for as though he might use it some day in a suicide. He didn't want to talk to Capt. Gilder about it in public when he was found, because of the story connected with it, but he did speak frankly when he got upstairs in his room.

"Why I had bicarbonate of mercury in my trunk that I used when I was sick," he explained. "Why didn't they say something about that?" The course of introspection and brooding over what Livingood considered his failure had marked him so that the very habit of silence and keeping to himself which had interested his former employers drew upon him the suspicion of the court. He was a quiet, unassuming, and unassuming man. Nothing outside of his habits of study and his having the cyanide was produced at the court-martial. His story of the Panama affair was verified by a letter from the friend who awakened him from his stupor, written to Livingood's sister, and many details were added which emphasized his peculiar morbidity.

"Did anything unusual happen there?" asked Capt. Otto Neamith, who defended the aviation student.

"Something quite unusual," answered Livingood solemnly. "I fell in love with a girl."

He felt that she had not treated him as she should have, and in his despondency he determined to commit suicide. "I went to Panama City and bought some chloral," he said, "and on the way back to my room met the girl and told her I intended to kill myself. She later told me that she was a friend of mine and told him she was afraid I might do something, and he immediately came to my room. He found me unconscious. My friend and a physician brought me around, and when I got well I resigned and came back to the States."

After he arrived here Livingood's despondency took a course in chemistry. He came back to him strongly and he went to Ann Arbor to enter the University of Michigan. He did so, but all his money was stolen from him and again his boyhood training in a technical education died within him.

"I went back to Cleveland and got work again," he said, "and then considered killing myself again." He always referred to the Panama affair as "giving."

"the time I killed myself." "It seemed as if I never would realize any of my hopes of gaining the education I wanted. All my old friends had graduated and received their degrees, and I was merely a clerk. I had no real friends because I was studious and had no time to learn to dance or play cards, and I got lonely. That was in 1914. I sent for the cyanide one day, after finding it in a catalogue in the office. It never occurred to me that the quantity was unusual. I wanted to get it, that was all."

"I didn't kill myself then, but came to New York again and went to work in the National City Bank. I had decided to study languages and foreign commerce and accounting and see if I could not get along in that way. For I worked during the day and studied at night. My eyes gave out and I had to quit. Then I thought of killing myself again. I went to Schenectady and tried to get an engineering job, but I couldn't get in, and finally went to the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh and enrolled in a chemical course."

"I went to Washington after a few months because the hours of work were shorter there, and I thought that as a Government stenographer I would be able to study in the university at night. The last year that I carried it in my trunk, I was in the Signal Corps for service in France, but heard that the army men looked down on field clerks, these jobs to save their lives. So I applied to the Aviation Corps and was appointed to Fort Myer as a private."

"I never had any idea of killing anyone but myself. In fact, I forgot all about that cyanide after a while, didn't think about it one way or another for the last year that I carried it in my trunk. Each time I thought of killing myself the desire was less. I don't know exactly when I gave it up, but one day I was walking in Fort Greene Park and saw a man shoot himself. I remember some of the things the man around said made a great impression on me. One said, 'He was a fool.' Another, 'This life was too good for him.' What they said made me decide that it was not a desirable course."

One Engine Disabled.

"Fortunately, only one engine was disabled, thereby permitting the destroyer to remain under way, circling in search of the submarine. After about an hour the submarine exposed its conning tower long enough for the Cassin to fire four shots. Two of the shots fell so close to the submarine that it was forced to submerge immediately, and was not seen again. The Cassin continued to search the dark water, having been joined by other British and American patrol vessels, who were taken safely into view."

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Vice-Admiral Sims gives credit to the crew of the Cassin for their courage and bravery, and especially commends eleven New York men. Following is the statement authorized by acting Secretary Baker:

"The destroyer recently mentioned in despatches made public as being injured by a torpedo was the U. S. S. Cassin, commanded by Commander W. H. Vernou, executive officer, Lieut. J. W. MacLaran, junior officer, Lieut. J. A. Saunders, Lieut. L. R. Agrell, Lieut. R. W. MacLaran, and Assistant Surgeon D. W. Queen."

"While this vessel was on her patrol station a submarine was sighted on the surface of the sea. The Cassin immediately proceeded at full speed toward the submarine with her crew at their battle stations. The submarine, after about thirty minutes, zigzagging back and forth, when the commanding officer, Commander Vernou, sighted a torpedo running at high speed near the surface about 400 yards away, headed to strike the Cassin amidships."

"Realizing the situation, the commanding officer gave for emergency full speed ahead on both engines, but the rudder had over and was just clear of the torpedo's course when it breached the surface, turned sharply toward the vessel and struck the stern of the Cassin."

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